



**SAYS  
THE EDITOR**

**HELP THE RED CROSS**

We would like to help the Carmel chapter of the Red Cross to raise its quota of \$400 for war relief materials. The women of the chapter are working hard on the making of the various articles of clothing for which the national Red Cross has asked, and what is needed from you is the money to buy the necessary materials. So far there hasn't been received enough money to make up the \$400 quota. The Carmel Red Cross has never before failed to meet a quota. It should not fail this time.

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**SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE  
ABOUT ILLEGAL VOTING**

Two weeks ago, at the council meeting when the absentee ballots were being counted, we raised the point of the right of two "former" residents to vote. We protested not because of our own personal interest in the election as a candidate, nor because of any personal attitude toward the two persons whose votes were questioned. We protested on a matter of principle, and since then we have been even more convinced that we were right.

Since then there has been brought to our attention other cases where ballots were cast by persons who had definitely moved out of the city of Carmel and had no immediate intention of resuming residence within the city. Of two other cases we know this: that one man refused to vote although he was told by a candidate that his name remained on the register and that legally he could do so, while another, called in the same way, expressed his surprise, but acceded to the request and did vote. Since the election both of these persons have been severely censured, one for refusing to do what he believed to be wrong, and the other for doing what he, at the same time, believed to be wrong.

In the case of the two votes protested by us at the absentee count at the council, it was admitted by most everyone in the council chambers who knew the two individuals that in their cases there was apparently no intention to renew residence in Carmel. They had sold their business interests in the city, sold their home, and definitely settled in another part of the state. We are given to understand that on their brief visit to Carmel a week before the election, they were surprised to be informed that they could vote. But, in face of their own opinion in the matter, they did cast absentee ballots and those ballots were accepted and deposited in the ballot box at the council meeting before our protest was made.

Certainly something should be done about this. Either these two former residents of Carmel, and the others mentioned, are right or they are wrong. There should be some definite line drawn. In the minds of those who framed the election laws and stipulated requirements for voting, there is something definite, but if you read the law, you are mystified. It says in so many words that you must be a resident in a precinct at least 40 days before an election, but then it allows you to leave the precinct within that 40 days and return to vote, as that is your residence unless you have established it at some other place. And to prove that it remains your

(Continued on Page Two)

# CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 12 • No. 17

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • APRIL 26, 1940

FIVE CENTS

## Yes, Jessie Joan Has Met These Boys Before; Meets Them Again In "Boy Meets Girl" Next Friday



JESSIE JOAN BROWN who is the one who's met in "Boy Meets Girl," the Chick McCarthy production at Sunset Auditorium this week-end.

My dear friends,

Of course, I don't write any letters on account of I've never been to high school and I'm afraid of my spelling, but they asked me to write how I had met the boys in "Boy Meets Girl" before, and I have met them before, so I'll try.

I'll start with Mr. Benson and Mr. Law, because they've been so good to me. Only they aren't really Mr. Benson and Mr. Law except in

(Continued on Page Twelve)

## Lynda Sargent Writes of the Return Of the "Western Flyer" to Monterey

There were two bums sitting on a log. The sun shone on them, making brief impassionate comments on their bumness, picking out a fray here, the bullet hole in a collapsed old hat, the dirty fingers plucking tender grass, the dirty teeth gnawing at it. There was a good deal of color in it all; one bum's face was brick red, the other of brown pin seal with a fringe of white bristles; the hard green ocean washed up on rocks of so soft a green they seemed ready to melt, to move with arms and legs. The cannery was not dun, but implicit with peach and apricot and prune. On a delapidated porch a

dark-skinned nubile child pretended to shake a rug, but someone was singing a Spanish love song in the house behind her and the rug lay limp across the porch railing. A sign in a window, dated 4-20-40, read: The strike is over. No more pickets are needed. Hooray!! A man with the clean scrubbed face of a Pennsylvania back stoop passed wheeling a load.

Up in Dr. Edward Ricketts' room above the specimen chamber, the beautiful voice of a soprano was singing something old, something seventeenth century. The place was spotless, but that was because Ed's

(Continued on Page Four)

### LIAL'S MUSIC SHOP OPENS CARMEL BRANCH JUNE 1

Lial's Music Shop back in Carmel and in almost the identical location on Dolores street where Margaret and Kay Lial started it on September 28, 1929! Somewhere around the end of May, so that its doors will be open by June 1, a branch of the flourishing Monterey store will be established in the Leidig building on Dolores street, now occupied by Spencer's House of Cards. Spencer, you know, is going over on Ocean avenue in one of the stores Mrs. Mary Dummage is making out of the Slevin building.

Margaret Lial tells us that the lo-

cation of a branch in Carmel has come about virtually in answer to a demand. Her Carmel customers have grown to the extent that she feels she should provide service for them within their own city. She intends to make the Carmel branch a complete store, although it will be a branch. It will stock musical instruments and radios, but principally there will be a complete library of phonograph records. It will be Miss Lial's purpose to supply all the latest records from the Carmel store, but its stock will have the additional library of the Monterey shop behind it.

## Leidig Corner For P. O. Seems Sure

That before many more months of this year have come and gone, the United States Postal Department will announce its selection of a new site for a Carmel post office is practically certain. That it will announce that new site to be the north-east corner of Sixth and Dolores street, offered by Bob Leidig, comes well within the certainty category, too.

This has come about through a new and sudden change of front on the part of Ocean avenue business property owners, to say nothing of a few on San Carlos and Mission streets. These people, owning property

east of Dolores street, have been praying for and working for the site offered by M. J. Murphy at the north-east corner of Seventh and Mission. Up until a month ago their sole battle was against the Carl Burrows' site at Seventh and Lincoln and they were lined up against property owners on Lincoln and the lower two business blocks of Ocean avenue. But now, the Murphy supporters have gotten pretty definite information that the three postal housing inspectors who have been nosing around here in the past three or four months have reported definitely against the Murphy location.

This puts a new slant on things and that new slant means that the "upper" Ocean avenue property owners look with much more favor on the Leidig offer than they do on the Burrows proposal. So, it would not take much of an effort to get these heretofore Murphy supporters to write their names down on a petition supporting the Leidig site.

The CARMEL, too, is pretty reliably informed that the Murphy site is out as far as postal inspectors are concerned. We also have as reliable information that the Leidig site is favored by these same inspectors.

Anyway, you're going to find a new line-up of site supporters within the next week. And it looks like Leidig.

+ + +

Robinson Jeffers was initiated last evening at Los Angeles as an honorary member of the University of Southern California chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

## How About Our Library Fund?

We got quick response to our appeal for subscriptions from Carmel citizens to make up the \$4500 which was turned down as a bond issue by the narrow margin of 16 votes two weeks ago.

But we did not get a big response as we hoped.

It is difficult to understand why those who were so enthusiastic about the success of the library bonds, and voted to the total of 670 in favor of them, fail to respond to an appeal which would obtain the result they sought in the election.

Is it because they feel that the cost of the library improvements should be borne by the entire city? Perhaps that's a justifiable feeling, but look at it this way: How about those who use the library and reap from it the inestimable benefits available paying this \$4500? That is to assume that the 358 voters who voted against the bonds do not use the library and have no knowledge of what it means to the community. Because we can't understand how anybody, having any connection with the library and knowing its situation physically, could refuse to pay at the rate of 20 cents per thousand property valuation annually for a period of four and one-half years.

The \$4500, therefore, will have to come from the 670 persons who voted for the bonds and know and appreciate the library. It has been pointed out to us by one of those who have already sent their subscriptions in, that  $670 \times 670$  cents would make up the \$4500. We did a little figuring and discovered that it would lack just \$11 of making up the total.

Therefore if each of the 670 voters who favored the bonds subscribe at the rate of \$6.70 we would have the money.

What about it? Is it possible that Carmel will fall down on this cause? Is it possible that Carmel will shame itself by falling down?

Send your subscriptions in to the Cymbal Library Fund and do it now.

Next week we expect to be able to show you a fine start in the list of subscribers.

You join this list.

—W. K. BASSETT

residence, and that your name remaining on the register permits you to vote, all that it is necessary for you to do is to "intend" to return and re-establish your home there.

It sounds screwy to us, and it is screwy. As a result there are ballots cast at every election in Carmel by persons who honestly and honorably are not entitled to the right so to register their opinions on Carmel affairs.

Something should be done about it.

—W. K. B.

+ + +

## Point-Scenic Drive Sewer Project Is Approved

Property owners on Scenic Drive and Carmel Point, who are affected by the proposed \$118,971 sewer project, approved by the WPA, will be given an opportunity on the evening of May 20 to discuss with the sanitary board the assessments to raise the district's share of the cost, \$31,000.

At its meeting last week the board, acting under a new act of the 1940 legislature, approved the project and prepared to send out bills for the proposed assessments. The act provides for the sending out of the bills first and a hearing later to discuss the assessments. Once approved, the assessments must be paid in cash, after which the remainder goes to bonds.

Cost to the Carmel Point property owners is estimated at \$1.15 a foot per lot width while property north of Santa Lucia, facing Scenic Drive and Del Mar avenue, will be assessed \$1.70 a foot.

Assessments will range all the way from one cent each on 25 lots which will not benefit from the improvement, mainly on San Antonio between Ocean and Seventh, up to \$272 on one of the 80 by 200 foot lots between Scenic and Del Mar, several of which are assessed near this figure.

Average 40 by 100 foot lot on Carmel Point will be assessed \$46, while the same lot on Scenic Drive will be assessed \$68. The big parcels, it was pointed out, are really four lots. The cost is divided among 659 parcels.

Either district—the Point or Scenic Drive—may come in without the other under the present assessment plan.

+ + +

### PLANTSMITH WILL HAVE A "SPOONIT" BOOTH AT THE OAKLAND FLOWER SHOW

"Plantsmith," otherwise known as E. Frederick Smith, is going to have a "Spoonit" booth at the Oakland Spring Flower Show and Helen Perrin of the Carmel Art Institute is going up the day before the show opens to decorate it for him. She's using Japanese screens.

The show opens May 1 at the Oakland Armory and continues this year for five days. Plantsmith is particularly proud because the roses that will decorate his booth are to be donated by a Berkeley rose specialist who has fed them Spoonit and can't sing the praises of this Carmel-born plant-food highly enough. He claims he's never had such roses, and does that make Mr. Smith feel good!

+ + +

### "MY SHADOW" IS SUBJECT OF DR. MCKEE SUNDAY

"My Shadow" is Dr. Wilber W. McKee's topic for Sunday at Carmel Community Church. Soloist at this 11 o'clock service will be Mrs. Frank Castagna who will sing *O Dry Those Tears* by Del Riego.

Church School begins at 9:45 a.m., and the Minister's Bible Class is held at 10 a.m.

## Final Meeting of Woman's Club On May 6

Final meeting of the year for the Carmel Woman's Club will be held Monday, May 6, at Pine Inn, and Mrs. J. E. Abernethy, president, has made up her mind that it will be as gay, as joyous and as happy a get-together as they've had yet. It will be a Mexican tea, and during the tea three sisters from Los Angeles who call themselves "Las Tapatias" and whose mother is a direct descendant of one of the fine old Spanish families who established a hacienda down in Mexico, will entertain with Mexican folksongs and dances.

Everyone who can possibly do so is asked to come in costume, or at least wear something that is gay and colorful and slightly Mexican in feeling.

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## Denny-Watrous to Present Schipa In Santa Cruz

Dene Denny and Hazel Watrous, who have extended their activities into Santa Cruz and are presenting the musical and dramatic offerings at the new civic auditorium which was completed last month, lead off with Tito Schipa, the world's greatest lyric tenor. They present him Saturday evening, May 11.

Tito Schipa, leading lyric tenor of the Metropolitan, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, La Scala and Buenos Aires Opera Companies, has been chosen as the first great artist to appear in this new building that seats 2000 people. Schipa's singing in last season's opera was hailed everywhere as greater than ever.

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## Colburn Paintings Displayed to 50

Mrs. James Owen Greenan made a charming patroness of the arts when she greeted about 50 people at her home Wednesday evening, where the game room had been arranged with chairs to give the appearance of a small theater for the Colburn water color display.

After a brief talk in which Mrs. Greenan mentioned that she hoped this gathering would be the first of many similar ones, and that she and Kit Whitman regarded the showing of the work of student artists a necessary stimulant and encouragement to their activity, the water colors were shown.

Sam Colburn quite definitely has something to develop. He seems to have an infallible instinct for composition and his subjects are approached with zest and boldness. I believe they would have shown more to advantage if they had not been displayed on an easel, if some more informal method of showing them had been used, as they were first and last portfolio pieces.

—M. W.

+ + +

It's wonderful what a Cymbal Classified Ad will do.

## Anderson-Steele Concert Makes Fine Impression

The lounge of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club made an ideal setting for the final concert of the season of the Musical Art Club when it presented Edith Anderson, dramatic soprano, and Gladys Steele, interpreter of character songs, in a double bill last Friday night.

Mrs. Anderson has gained tremendously in confidence and musicianship since she was last heard in concert here. In fact, the chances are that she'll be rated as one of the foremost professional concert sopranos in a year or two. She received round after round of applause and her audience was thrilled to realize how superlatively gifted this woman is who has been among us, working and studying so consistently and so quietly, for the past few years.

No matter what language Gladys Steele chooses to sing in, we always know what it's about. She has great histrionic skill and has such a grand time amusing and charming her always amused and charmed audience. Her spell is infallible. She made an excellent contrast to Mrs. Anderson. The two women would do well to go on together and conquer other audiences.

+ + +

## Troupers To Give "Our American Cousin"

Next production of the Troupers of the Gold Coast will probably be "Our American Cousin" and will be presented over the Fourth of July week-end at the First Theater. Ronald Telfer is going to direct it and the first reading will take place the day following Telfer's reading at the American Legion Clubhouse May 25.

"Our American Cousin" is the play Abraham Lincoln was witnessing when he was assassinated. A great many of the famous ones have played in it, and it has all the necessary dramatic elements that go to make up a good old snorting melodrama.

Franklin Dixon will do the sets and he and Telfer had an opportunity to get together on this play last Saturday night when Mr. and Mrs. Dixon were hosts to a pre-play-reading dinner at their San Antonio street home when Mrs. S. F. B. Scribner, Mrs. M. V. B. MacAdam, Commander and Mrs. Martin J. Peterson and Ronald Telfer were their guests.

+ + +

The Cymbal is \$1 a year.

## Suggestion for a Gift

No gift will be more appreciated than a fine watch. It will be remembered and treasured for years to come. The finest of fine watches is the LONGINES . . . the world's most honored watch. Or give a BULOVA, less expensive but nevertheless a fine watch, too. Both these timepieces are exclusive on the Peninsula at

## Elizabeth White Plans Children's Art Classes

Elizabeth Dickinson White was up for a day, completing plans with Kit Whitman for conducting the children's classes at the Art Institute this summer. She will be back from Los Angeles around the first of June. Her time here was limited as she took a run-out powder of 48 hours duration from the business of designing movie sets that has been occupying her this winter.

This summer the children will meet two mornings a week at the studio on Mission street that Finn Frolich is using for his modeling classes. This suits Elizabeth. She'll be able to isolate the children who have greater ability—a thing she wasn't able to do last year—and the very young ones can be turned out to pasture when they need it.

Classes in creative art, design, modeling and sketch classes will be conducted and the new studio will enable them to work either in or out doors. This course will give them 15 hours of work each week.

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### LA COLLECTA CLUB HAS LIVELY QUERY PROGRAM

With Miss Flora Gifford as hostess, 14 members of La Collecta Club met at the home of Mrs. D. E. Nixon last week on Wednesday and enjoyed a Question and Answer game conducted by Mrs. Vive Harber and Mrs. Ada L. Patterson. This was followed by a period of anecdotes and charades by the members.

Mrs. V. D. Graham will hold the next meeting at her home May 1. Mrs. Winnie Young of Hollister will review some book at that time.

### DONORS OF CLOTHING FOR FINNS ARE THANKED

Deep gratitude and appreciation is voiced by Mr. and Mrs. Joe West of Del Monte Kennels for the response to the S.O.S. from Karla, Finland, for clothing. The Carmel unit of the American Legion Auxiliary engineered the movement to collect clothing, took upon its own shoulders the burden of packing and mailing it, and Mrs. West's father, Oscar Gullstrom, distributed it among the refugees that poured into Karla.

+ + +

The Cymbal covers the Carmel district like the pine trees.

## Sixth Annual Bach Festival Gets Under Way

The Sixth Annual Carmel Bach Festival, scheduled for July 15-21, 1940, is getting under way. Preliminary choral rehearsals are being held on Monday evenings at 7:30 o'clock in the lunch room of Sunset School under the direction of Madeline Currey. All singers are invited to participate.

On Sunday, May 12, Gastone Usigli, conductor, will arrive from Los Angeles to conduct the chorus for the first time in preparation for the Festival. All participants are urged to attend the coming rehearsals on Monday evenings in order to be ready for the Usigli rehearsal on May 12.

+ + +

Julian de Cordova of Lincoln, Mass., who has been enjoying his usual winter holidays at La Playa, left this week for the East with his daughter, Anna Nyren. They will visit the Jay Elders in San Jose en route.

**P-S-S-t!**

- 
- 
- Bed before eleven;
- Nuts before seven.

—Dorothy Parker

- 
- 
- ho hum!

- 
- 
- music!!

- 
- 
- drink!!!

- 
- 
- hilarity!!!!

- 
- 
- El Dorado Room

- 
- 
- Hotel San Carlos

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April 26, 1940

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**Lynda Brings in  
"Western Flyer"**

(Continued from Page One)

sister had cleaned it all up and put in flowers against his return. He had come in early Sunday morning, sickish because the sea had clamped down on the *Western Flyer* just before they got to the upper California coast and Ed hadn't felt so fine about that. Only John was a good sailor. First Carol went to bed, then Ed. But John stood his watches all through. The Captain had told them to take sleeping medicine, because you can't fight a rocking boat and get to sleep at one and the same time. So when Ed got home he was dopey, but he turned on his magnificent phonograph and put on some Scarlatti and it was good to be back.

There were Ed and John and Carol and the crew and the skipper. Ed and John signed on as crew and stood watch at the wheel—three hours on and six off—all the journey. They went straight down the coast and made a left turn into the Gulf of California and then got to work on the collecting business. The job was to collect everything in sight in the intertidal waters of the gulf and a good deal of stuff out of sight. When I saw it, it looked like my mother's canned goods in the cellar at Fernside, but I'd hate to go down in the dark and take something off the shelf the way we used to, at random, and have to eat it for supper. Pretty slimy. There was everything from algae to zoophytes and zoosporangia and contemplating them made me feel like everything from ass to zany.

Ed and John are going to write a book about the trip. Of course we all think John (Steinbeck) is pretty wonderful, but when I took a peep at that ten-truckload haul and realized dimly what Ed (Dr. Ricketts) was going to have to do for that book, I snatched my little palm off the statue of Literature and placed it reverently on the shy shivering likeness of Marine Biology.

Dr. Ricketts is most pleased, because he has done something unique and the expedition was an unqualified success. He says that most marine biology excursions are carried out with dredges in deep water, but he thinks he got more by exploring the coastal and intertidal areas than the big, highly financed folk get with diving suits and dredges. He is interested in these weird little creatures of the waters between low and high tides partly if not chiefly because, living as they do sometimes in and sometimes out of water, they have developed specialized survival values. I forgot to ask him, for he had some neat square-bodied little crabs, if they also evolved a special

**WE THINK THEY'RE  
INTERESTING**

**JEWELL BROOKSHIER**

You can't explain Jewell Brookshier. She's just a freak of nature—a sort of peloric bloom from the plains of Dinuba.

Last June when she came to Carmel after six months in a tubercular hospital she went over to see David Alberto to ask him if she couldn't wash dishes or work in the garden in exchange for piano lessons. When that didn't work she began waylaying him in the post office about three times a week.

Alberto wasn't interested. Unless a person shows evidence of some unusual talent he'd never teach them without recompense, and all Jewell had was this intense and burning desire that was pushing at her and prodding her far beyond the limits of her physical endurance. She had no background whatever beyond a few sketchy lessons in piano music from a little teacher who also lived in Dinuba which lies somewhere beyond Fresno. On the strength of them she wangled two child pupils and accosted Alberto again. Now she could pay!

Alberto looked at her and gave up! "For God's sake," he said, "let's get to work!"

Soon he was giving her ten hours a week but still there was no sign that he had a brilliant pianist to develop. As a matter of fact, Jewell is still not an exceptional pianist. Many of the things she writes she is incapable of playing. She brought him something recently—"But I can't play it," she said.

"Of course you can't play it," thundered Alberto. "It's written for four hands." She hadn't even known that. Susan Ellen Duvall and Mary Ingels play it and it's a

mode of locomotion; that is, if the crab walked that way so he could see whether he was in the water or out.

There were definitely lighter moments to the jaunt, that is, if anything lighter than chasing a pink crab can be imagined. There was Guaymas, for instance. In Guaymas, they got off the boat, screwed on their land legs, and started out for a hotel for dinner. But first, they stopped along the way for some famous Mexican beer. Well,

she played some of it for Ruth and me the next morning—the gossip music—the newsboys clamoring on Ocean avenue with their Pine Cones and CYMBALS—the usual Carmel dissension over a point of business in a play and the arrival of two people who also don't like what Director Chick McCarthy has done. Even without the choreography the picture was there, the images clicking into place with precision. All the girl needs is to see the action once and then the theme pops into her mind a short while later. It's easy for her.

One afternoon recently she met Alberto and said, "I did a couple of things this morning—but they aren't any good."

"Bring them to me tomorrow afternoon," said Alberto. When she did there were three of them. She'd written another that morning—and they were all good. In fact, one of them was much in the style of Ethelbert Nevin, "and as good as anything Nevin ever wrote," says Alberto with assurance. Outside of Schubert or Liszt, few composers are as prolific as that. It's amazing. The girl can't rest for this tremendous drive that is urging her onward. It's a giant at her back. Ruth Austin expected to have to stand over her and heckle her a bit in order to get the ballet music finished, but it has been quite the opposite. It's been Jewell who has been putting the pressure on Ruth. "Hurry! Hurry! Let's get this fin-

**TARRANT'S  
Gifts and 'Stuff'**

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—LYNDA SARGENT

**DOG DAYS—  
AND NIGHTS**



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

A colorful pair of week-end visitors were Flink and Butch Jefferys of Palo Alto, who were house guests of Sean Short. They were accompanied by their master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Jefferys.

Flink strongly resembles his handsome brother, Sean. His name is Danish and it means "good and noble" and fits him perfectly. Butch is a sleeve Pekingese, so small that he is just about a handful. Butch's favorite parlor trick is giving his now famous imitation of a merry-go-round horse. It is very amusing.

Flink is very much interested in the theater, having once trod the boards himself at the Palo Alto Community Playhouse in "The Royal Family." (He played two blood-hounds.) He and Sean dropped into a rehearsal of "Boy Meets Girl" and were most enthusiastic about the show. In fact, their howls of joy almost drowned out the actors.

When the lupin is in bloom in the Mission Tract and the scent of wild lilac is in the air, even a stay-at-home girl like Sally Bathen hears the gypsy call of Spring. So she picked up her heels and ran away!

There was great excitement when her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. John Bathen, discovered Sally was gone. They searched everywhere for the truant Scotty, but couldn't find a trace of her. They telephoned her friends and even put an advertisement in the paper, but no Sally could be found.

Her half-sister, Trudy Tucker, joined in the search, too. She looked like a combination of "Hawshaw, the Detective," and a short-legged bloodhound as she trotted about the village, nose to the ground, following one false clue after another. Even she could find no trace of Sally.

Then, as suddenly as she had left, Sally reappeared, smiling and bow-

ished," she begs, as if Time were an interval too brief to enclose the unreluctant giving.

—MARJORIE WARREN

ing, and quite innocently inquired what all the excitement was about.

+

Patsy Henderson, looking pale and lovely, is out and about again after a sojourn in the hospital. She was quite ill, and had all of her friends worrying about her, but she seems to be making a splendid recovery.

Sure an' you can't keep a good Irishman down, can you, Patsy?

+ + +

**Fine French Film  
At Playhouse**

Showing at the Playhouse until Monday night is one of the best films ever to have come out of France. "Heart of Paris" is a romantic comedy starring Raimu and the beautiful young Parisian, Michele Morgan, and has probably elicited greater enthusiasm from the New York press than any other French picture outside of "Mayerling." Ruth Chatterton says, "I consider Raimu almost if not the greatest actor in the world."

"Heart of Paris" is the story of a gribouille, which was the title of the picture when shown in France. A gribouille is an idealist, a dreamer, a Good Samaritan, who is forever getting into difficulties through his soft heart. In this instance the story is humorous, heart-warming and tender. Another plum for the Playhouse.

"Counsel for Crime" opens on Tuesday to be shown two days only. It is a powerful story of a young, ambitious district attorney who learns at the 11th hour that the man he is prosecuting for murder is his own father. Otto Kruger as the father and Douglass Montgomery as the son give memorable performances. A strong cast supports them.

"True Confession" starts Thursday, May 2, and brings Carole Lombard at her merriest and maddest, with John Barrymore and Fred MacMurray close behind. Delightful entertainment.

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## CLANGING CYMBALS

KITTY

Where do you s'pose Pa is this morning?

Agnes addressed the anxious remark to the top of the baby's head, tipping up the bottle to drain the last drop into a mouth that was uncertain whether to laugh or keep on sucking. She stood at the kitchen window this early May morning before the rest of the children were up, watching a pair of bluebirds gather building materials on the lawn, vaguely hearing their conjugal chatter through their stuffed beaks. All the time straining for the sound of wagon wheels on the hill.

She'd overslept Pa's alarm and when she waked he'd already gone to carry the milk, though much earlier than usual. It looked as if the kitchen fire hadn't been built at all and there was an empty pieplate on the table where he'd eaten the remainder of last night's lemon pie. She couldn't imagine what had happened and in view of what had been going on lately, her heart was a stone within her.

The baby shifted uneasily and whined and she put her over her shoulder to pat up the gas. She was weaning now and this had been her first morning bottle. That meant the nursing was over. Her fourth little daughter . . . maybe the last. Young Agnes' breasts ached with more than a physical yearning; with an ancient grief that some part of her which had been fruitful and of a tender delight would now lie fallow.

Always to have something just-born, she thought: some little thing with only the promise to nourish. I am a simple kind of woman, but I have good milk. There is happiness in my milk.

She had said something to Pa only a few days ago about this; about having little things to feed, to make life on the farm interesting to her. They had been standing in the barn doorway at evening after the chores were done, planning the glories of their home. She had been only halfhearted about it, struggling to hide the fact. Pa had chattered on about the things he would do; by next year the house would be speckless white with green shutters and a porch where they could sit at day's end and rock and rest. A new barn the next year and a fine carriage shed with a good buggy; perhaps even a surrey so they could all go when, of a Sunday, they thought to spend a day at the old place in the Mink Hills or at Schoodic with his people. There would be orchards, too, and fat cattle.

And sons, she had said timidly. Not too fat.

Their loins had moved together in an exquisite shy separateness and they had wandered hand-in-hand to inspect the new-set peach orchard before the dark thickened. The little trees flew gallantly against a stout evening breeze and they had got down on their knees and felt around the roots with their fingers, giving them air, stirring the earth with the familiar rhythms of fecundity. The earth excited Agnes. She moved between its meanings and her own so fluently that they became one and indivisible.

Next dawn the burgeoning wings of the small tree were folded down with hoar frost, hopelessly flightless. A strange hard bitterness had come over Pa, such as she had never

dreamed in him before.

Everything I put my hands on blights, he said over and over. No other orchard in town was hit by this late frost. But mine . . . but mine. More children! How the hell we're going to feed what we've got is more than I know. We'll be in the poorhouse . . . my god damned luck . . . my god damned luck.

Well, she was glad it was Saturday morning and the children would sleep a while longer.

She went wearily over to the stove and stirred the lumps out of yesterday's oatmeal and set the coffee back. Her left arm was numb and she shifted the baby to the right, stopping to listen again for wheel sounds. She had never been so miserable in her life. Pa had hardly come near her since the orchard episode and over and over had talked about leaving her. Said she could take better care of herself and the children than he ever could, with that damnable luck of his. That, all in all, she'd be better off without him.

Without Pa!

Yet, it was true—though she would never let him know—that she could take care of them; she could make the old farm pay. She knew that. But she would rather starve and her children starve; she would work herself to the bone; she would do anything. But it must be for him, for him.

Then it came back to her that he had gone and left her; that the children would soon be down to breakfast and must be fed; there was the Saturday morning churning to be done; beds to be aired and made; chickens fed; pigtails to braid and all the little buttons to be done with numb fingers. And the questions to answer . . . Mama, can I have a doughnut? Mama, can we go mayflowering? Mama, my tooth is loose . . . mama, mama, mama . . . dinner . . . supper . . . bed . . . Mama, where's papa?

Choking, she threw open the front door and went out. The hills still had their misty comforters pulled up around their chins and the sun had put one tentative finger across a western mountain. A robin in the pear tree bade her cheerily, kill-him, cure-him, give-him-physic. It was a soft morning and tried to touch her with its gentlehood, but failed.

Instead, she saw the farm this morning just as it was, a run-down old place set on hard stony acres, graceless and discouraging and almost out of the world. There was no new paint on the house this morning, but only the old, flecking scabily like a chronic skin disease. The lawn unkempt with tall grasses. A shed door swinging with a rhythmic whine on one arthritic hinge. Beside the sagging carriage shed, an old mowing machine, raising its rusty cutter-bar in a disreputable gesture. The sun, smiting the few whole panes in the barn windows, making a pitiless fleer out of the weathered face.

All about the front door and doorknob, a tangle of pallid pink wild roses had taken claim of Aunt Mary Frank's dead garden. Agnes had thought she might have a small plot for herself here this summer—a few bright petunias and some morning glories and a space to put her geraniums outdoors. Pa could do it in a minute some noontime when he had the plough hitched up. She herself would bring in earth from the south field and hen manure and chip dirt.

But now . . . oh, what did a

woman do then, poor thing? What then?

For thus sorrowing, she failed to hear the sound of wheels until they made that peculiar grinding as they came up over the last thank-you-marm into the yard. Oh, there was the funny sullen old face of Johnhorse . . . thank God, thank God . . . and Pa. There was Pa! He was sitting up very straight and she could see he was eager, excited about something. And then, as they topped the last knoll, she saw he was leading something. Yes . . . it was . . . it was a horse. A new horse.

So when she first set her eyes on Kitty she burst upon her like a thing more than sun over an horizon beyond earth. Shying in mock terror at some imaginary peril, her full bright mane flying in a breeze of its own, her forearms lifted so that the barrel of her chestnut-gold body, her arched neck and dropped muzzle, all silhouetted against the blossoming pear tree by the barway, were more of loveliness than she could believe.

Oh, she said, and caught her hand against her beating body.

Well, why don't you come and get her? Pa wanted to know.

She put the baby down right where she was and walked slowly over to the horse. Pa gave her the bridle rein and rode on into the barn to unhitch John.

Hello, Agnes said and reached up to touch the silver forelock. She ran the palm of her hand along the poll and gently twisted one ear. She put her nose against the velvet one and laughed when the stiff hairs tickled her. Hello, hello, hello, she said.

A quiver went along the flanks and the withers shook and quieted. Exhalation widened the nostrils and the woman felt the warm breath flow into her, shuddering her own thighs until they were goose flesh.

Pa came and stood beside her, diffident as a schoolboy offering his first bouquet.

She's yours, he said. For your birthday.

What . . . mine? She's mine? But the woman did not know she spoke.

Well . . . you said you wanted little things . . . young things, here on the place. So I got to thinking . . . she's only three. She'll foal most any day now . . . her first one. And I thought . . .

The horse, the baby lying on the grass laughing at the sun, the weeds that had fouled the pleasant acres of her spirit, all these receded and failed in their existence. In their place, a wounding earnest beauty; and humility. The woman dropped the bridle rein and felt her husband's fingers fiercely on her, felt pressing against her the dark beautiful seedlings of their exigent hungers; the needing, the needing, the terrible necessity. For trust. For patience. For the stout back of endurance to take the welts, to know their blind meaninglessness;

to refrain from protest. Teach me, she prayed. And to herself: Learn, fool, she admonished her gneflect-ed heart . . . learn that there will never be a hurt, never a farthermost wandering, that the gift of the returning will not totally assuage . . . learn . . . learn!

She brushed her wet cheek against his unshavenness and they came apart like two first lovers, awkward from their embrace, just in time to see the chestnut mare, her long tail whisking at space, go over the stone wall into the new-sprung corn.

Let me see if I can catch her, the woman cried. And remembering the child in the grass: Where did I leave the baby . . . you find her . . .

When she walked towards the barway that led to the south field the day had become another age to her. Old Cranny Hill had cast off his nightshirt and was warming his thin shanks at the sun. Down the length of the field the fine blades of corn danced in serried regimental rows, their *sacre du printemps*. A flight of crows sore-throatedly serenaded the top of a budding elm, pretending they were not full-up with new corn. All over the stone wall, as she let the bars down gently and passed through, the lichens had their tiny bedspreads out to air and dandelions sniffed the first hot breath of summer, faceupwards.

The woman held out her palm with the tuft of grass. Come here, you pretty, she said. You must be hungry for your breakfast. Come, Kitty . . . your name will be Kitty for once I had a little filly by that name and I sold her to go and live in the city . . . a foolish thing to do. Here, here, don't throw your head so, funny lady . . . hah, so you're going to have your first baby. That's nothing . . . and I'll be there . . . now, now . . . it's only me, your mistress . . . that's the girl . . . there . . . there . . . hello . . .

From somewhere far outside herself, the woman saw them come together, a woman and a horse, locked in the embrace of their common destiny. Saw them meet and greet and come to an understanding.

She saw them race back through the barway together side by side, whiskering their first conversation at each other. And from where she was, she saw the old farm again.

The long low house, of good age yet full with promise. The windows of its wry old ell were bright with three child-faces and a hand-wave of smoke from its chimney. Saw her husband, holding the baby aloft, relieved for this moment of all the pressures, mighty in his pride of her. Ah, were those green shutters on the house and speckless paint? And did she not see flowers blooming and fat cattle and lean sons?

And surely, this, her home?

—LYNDA SARGENT

+ + +

## Summer Round-up Of P.T.A. May 1

Sponsored nationally by the Parent-Teachers' Associations, the annual summer round-up of preschool children and all children who plan to enter Sunset School for the first time will be held Wednesday morning, May 1, from 8:30 o'clock until 10 o'clock. This year, Dr. Marshall Carter is the local physician who will donate his services and he will be aided in giving each child a thorough physical examination by Miss Florence Morrow, school nurse. The date has been set to coincide as nearly as possible with Child Welfare Week.

This round-up serves a two-fold purpose. First, it enables the child to enter school in the best physical condition; second, it has an educational value to parents, impressing upon them the importance of regular physical examination for growing children.

Anyone having or knowing of a child who should participate in this activity please call 611 in the mornings, or Mrs. E. Heisinger at Carmel 326-J.

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Sir Philip Gibbs

*Golden Ashes*

Crofts

*Chad Hanna*  
Walter Edmonds

*Mr. Skeffington*  
by "Elizabeth"

*The Case of the Baker Street*  
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+  
WALT'S  
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+  
BORDEN'S ICE CREAM



April 26, 1940

**"The wittles is up!"**

THIS COLUMN IS ABOUT FOOD—  
SOMETIMES.

There are probably plenty of people even today who believe that fish is a brain food. But more than sixty years ago a doctor wrote a book called "Eating and Drinking" in which he comments on the "indolence and stupidity" of fish-eaters!

Books about diet and food were much more rare in the days when Dr. George M. Beard wrote his little volume but he had a lot to say on the subject. His fourteen chapters cover the whole world, taking up eating customs in every quarter of the globe and drawing conclusions from his material. He tells us that cannibals are more courageous and active than vegetarians. Well, any fool could understand that raising vegetables is a mild sort of occupation compared with what it takes to provide the table of a cannibal family with its favorite meat! Nevertheless Dr. Beard hadn't much use for vegetarianism and goes into some space to tell of the cause of what he calls the "vegetarian delusion" and its evil effects.

Great thinkers are usually liberal eaters, says Dr. Beard—but he doesn't say whether it works the other way. Are liberal eaters usually great thinkers? I don't know but I suspect they are—great thinkers about food.

While men are inventing more and more horrible and effective weapons of warfare, which we can't think about too much if we are trying to keep our life normal in our own little domestic circles, other men and women are inventing new ways to make housework easier and to give us more time for enjoying life. For instance, you can get a little round tin about the size of a giant firecracker containing 10 baking powder biscuits all ready to put on a pan and stick in a hot oven to bake!

Mary Allan Biscuits are really delicious, as tender and light as any you could make yourself. And it doesn't seem as if you could make 10 round fat biscuits like these for much less than the 10 cents they cost—and think of the work saved! Nice things to keep on the emergency shelf—good for a sudden decision to have strawberry shortcake, for instance, when making the biscuits would be just the last straw in a busy meal preparation.

Marvelous the influence of the printed word! It makes housewives believe a certain brand of sugar tastes sweeter to them than other brands when, according to *Consumers' Guide*, there is so little difference between table sugars that only a chemist could detect it.

In a survey made by a group of students in Chicago employed on a National Youth Administration project, 10,325 consumers were asked what brand of sugar they bought and why: 212 housewives said their favorite brand was sweeter; 10,000 had a first preference for one special brand out of 13 and gave the reason that it was "pure." They certainly had no way of knowing that except through advertising!

Next to the "pure" reason the

one most given was that a special brand was "popular." Some said their favorite brand "dissolved quickly," that it had "finer grains," that it was "the best on the market"—all echoes of well-learned lessons handed them by radio and printed ballyhoo! The percentage of consumers who can really judge anything about the quality of canned and packaged goods is too small to be of much weight in this vast business of selling. The rest will keep right on swallowing everything they are told and buying the brands of which they are kept conscious by ceaseless publicity.

I'd never seen or heard of a coffee percolator when I was a child—but did you know that the percolator was invented 134 years ago by an American scientist?

+

Rich milk, to most people, means whole milk with all the cream in it. As a matter of fact, skim milk is just as rich in all the nutritional values, except fat, as whole milk. It has just as much protein and calcium and the rest of the important diet elements, except fat and Vitamins A and D.

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One of the features of modern food buying which always annoys me is having to get molasses in stingy little tins that cost so much you'd think they contained liquid gold. We used to get our molasses in bulk. A great big glass jug with a woven-fibre cover stood near the door on a bottom pantry shelf in our house. It was always sticky around the cork. Gingerbread and molasses cookies and brown bread—everything made with molasses was considered economical daily fare. Molasses was cheap!

In my copy of "Plantation Cookery of Old Louisiana" (given to me by the author, Eleanore Ott, and highly prized not only because of its fascinating contents but because of her charming inscription in it) there is a delightful little essay on "Molasses." Part of it I give you here:

"Now that the word 'molasses' figures so prominently in the cookies and gingerbreads, perhaps it would be a propos to take time out for a word on the syrup which is to the South what maple syrup is to New England.

"In pioneer days the molasses of the settlers was imported from New Orleans in fifty-gallon oaken barrels. A very thick, almost-black substance it was, too, but highly esteemed by a lover of molasses cookies and cakes—and who wasn't?

"Later, from the necessities of the War Between the States, the open kettle method of cooking the juice from sugar-cane spread from

those vast cane lands, where the planter sent two hundred to a thousand knives out of a chilly winter dawn, to the small upland 'cane-patches.'

"Now, when the blue mists of autumn haze the horizon and the peanut-threshers snort like fabled prehistoric monsters, an integral part of the Southern scene is the dottings of smoke from the cane-mills. Here the purple stalks are thrust in a press turned by some plodding patient nag treading a beaten circle and the wine-dark juice flecked with white chaff pours into a vast container. Here under a roof is the furnace covered with flat open vats or kettles where stand the skimmers with their long-handled ladles, skimming off the grey foam and tossing it aside, hour after hour, while the cane juice bubbles off its rich sweet aroma. When the syrup is thick it is strained and poured into tin buckets.

"The secret of good syrup, aside from a propitious rich area for the cane patch, lies in rapid boiling and constant skimming. It is regrettable that the quality of the Southern syrups varies so much with the individual skills of the makers that marketing and shipping is almost impossible... Most of the so-called Southern syrups on the market are mighty poor imitations of the real thing."

I hadn't planned yesterday to write anything about molasses but now that I have I'm glad I made that gingerbread. All this thinking about molasses has got my mouth watering. I think I'll stop now and get me a piece of gingerbread!

—CONSTANT EATER

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### **Earl De Moe May Join New Search For Earhart**

According to latest reports received from the 90-foot schooner *Yankee*, the Earhart Foundation is sponsoring a Yankee search of the Ellice and Gilbert Islands. The crew of the ship consisting of 15 college boys, the skipper, Irving Johnson and his family, are all enthused because information indicates the possibility that Amelia and Noonan may be living there.

Accounts from the log of Earl De Moe, son of Mrs. E. C. Poklen of Carmel, relate breath-taking experiences he has encountered during this globe voyage.

"Today for the first time, we broke out the balloon. It is a beautiful sail—1600 feet of it. It really pulls the boat along," he writes.

After being allowed only four days at Tahiti, the *Yankee* broke her course to sail for Honolulu where the German cook was replaced by an American cook as English and French authorities would not allow a German to land at their ports.

The *Yankee* reported that the crew had a marvelous time in Honolulu. They went surf boarding, looked over men of war, and had parties during their ten day visit.

Earl's earlier accounts said, "We found one place where we could run the dinghy about half a mile inland from the bay. Sometimes

we would be going through narrow passes hung over with branches, and at other times we would be in large pools, almost lakes. The place was filled with rays, sharks, turtles, fish, and to our surprise, some seals.

"We hadn't gotten far into the place when we heard a terrible noise. Several wild guesses were made as to what could be making the sound. When we got closer to the place and peered through some branches, we saw a bunch of seals lying around on the horizontal trunks of trees. Imagine tree-climbing seals!

"Most of the day was spent in exploring the place and when we had to return to the boat, we still were not satisfied that we knew all that there was to know about it."

After a short stop at Pago Pago, the *Yankee* sailed on to Fakaofo where many natives met them and traded with them.

### **CARMEL SCHOOL NOTES**

#### **MR. GALE "BREAKS DOWN"**

Friday, April 12, R. J. Gale broke down under the heat and told his ninth grade English class about his trip to Mexico during the spring holidays. He began, in his characteristic "lecturing" style, telling about the Mexican railroad situation. The "lecturing" style was soon lost, however, when the class had mild spasms upon hearing about broken whistles, inebriated Texans, Indians flashing knives, Englishmen and other highly amusing things. Imagine Mr. Gale telling how he was twice put on the wrong train by a hospitable and well-meaning Mexican railroad official!

This pleased the class greatly and when he was through they inwardly felt that some people have all the luck.

—MARGERY STREET

#### **THANK P.T.A.**

Members of the A Cappella choir wish to thank the P.T.A. mothers who helped make the new choir robes. The robes are to be worn at the Spring Festival and during Public Schools Week.

Among the mothers who helped make the robes were Mrs. R. Erickson, Mrs. F. Holm, Mrs. N. J. Riemers, Mrs. F. Timmins, Mrs. J. Parkes, Mrs. E. F. Smith, Mrs. Helen Warren, Mrs. Webster Street, Mrs. Floyd Harber, Mrs.

Carl Rohr, Mrs. Everett Heisinger and Mrs. E. M. Seifert.

—CLELLIE McALLISTER

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#### **HEAR EDITOR**

W. K. Bassett, editor of the *Carmel Cymbal*, gave a talk on the principles of journalism to the news club of the Carmel Junior High school Tuesday. Some of the things Mr. Bassett talked about were punctuation, titles, the use of capitals and the factors governing the importance of news.

Mr. Bassett told many interesting stories based on his long experience as a newspaper writer.

—MARIE ELIZALDE

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#### **NEW SHOW OF OILS TO BE UP IN ART GALLERY EARLY IN MAY**

A none-too-gentle reminder for active members of the Carmel Art Association: There will be a new show of oils and a new show of water colors, pastels and temperas for May, and your contributions should be at the gallery no later than 5 p.m., Wednesday, May 3. Furthermore, they must be marked with your name, the title and the price. Oils may be any size. Water colors, etc., must be framed and under glass.

+

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## OVER THE CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

Louis Smith's guest house burned down Tuesday, and came near to taking the main house with it. The blaze might have swept right up the Laurelles tract if Lt. Dagness, the Smiths' neighbor, hadn't spotted it and rushed up the road, where he met Sho-Huff coming back from the store. They hopped the Mathiots and phoned the State Division of Forestry, and out came the red truck with Walter Hickox, Bill Clark and Bob James. They had to make four trips down to the swimming hole by the swing-bridge for water, but they got the fire under control and while the Smiths lost all their clothes, food supplies, personal valuables, etc., they still have a roof over their heads. The Cracker Barrel extends deepest sympathies to the Smiths and gratitude to the fire-fighters for saving the valley from what might have been a tremendous tragedy. The cause of the fire has not yet been determined.

+

A new romance started last week up at the San Clemente when Bus Shuey, manager of the San Francisco Bank, came down for a rest. The gal's name is Jenny, she's an ash blonde, and Bus certainly fell hard for her. Local friends are waiting for further developments, but Jenny just acts coy and Bus won't talk.

+

Everybody at the Vanderbilt Phelps ranch was in best bib and tucker, fancy pants and maroon shirts, for two days last week. It looked like a movie set, but was only Vogue's representative and camera man fixing up a good yarn. So maybe Li'l Wilbur, Mid-wife Schoonover, Big-Supe Joe, Bill Whitney and Norm Stevenson won't even speak to us when they break into print in such a hi-toned magazine.

+

Mighty Orville broke the Church scythe the other day when he tried to cut wild barley out in back of the store and he hit an empty milk bottle. There's somewhat of a controversy about who's going to pay and for what. Sweet scent of new-mown hay!

The Mathiot colt, April Fool, tried to jump a fence last week and cut her leg pretty badly, but Doc Hutchings says she's going to be all right, and everybody is happy to know that the pretty little blue Sabina three-year-old is going to be all right in a few weeks.

—ELSBETH FRELLSON

### SCHOOL MENU

April 29-May 3

Monday: Alphabet soup, carrot salad, macaroni with tomato sauce, diced beets, ice cream.

Tuesday: Cream of mushroom soup, lettuce with 1000 island dressing, beef stew, asparagus, fruit cup.

Wednesday: Vegetable soup, cottage cheese with spiced pear, baked lima beans, artichokes, ice cream.

Thursday: Cream of spinach soup, molded fruit salad, hot dogs, carrots, gingerbread.

Friday: Clam chowder, coconut peach salad, scalloped potatoes with cheese, spinach, ice cream.

The Countess Sonavabitz gave birth to triplets Tuesday night in the Lawrence living room. Jinga has named the hissing-splitters Battle, Murder and Sudden Death. The Countess is disdainfully silent as to the heritage of their father, but from the looks of the children he is no one that the Robles hills has ever seen.

+

After Easter it's a flip of the coin when to start white-washing. Last year a certain member of the landed gentry decided to charge all well meaning friends a small fee for their ideas as to how it should be brushed on and when. In a recent conclave the squire was dubbed "Tom Sawyer." Not caring for this rib-name, he decided to do the job in modern fashion and called on one of our local contracting firms to send him the proper equipment. It arrived and the Squire hooked it up, started the machinery and let her go. Someone had neglected to clean the

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## JIM COOKE TALKS ON STAMPS

The managers of the New York World's Fair have just discovered what a fine drawing card postage stamp is and they are going to do something about it.

During the 1940 season of the Fair stamps will be much more prominently featured than they were last year. 17,000 square feet of space have been made available in the British Pavilion in the space that was previously occupied by the art display. In this space, it is planned to display a wonderful exhibit of stamps, confined largely to the stamps of Great Britain and the British Empire, but, in addition to this, a display of Brazil stamps will be invited (due to the fact that Brazil was the first country in the Western Hemisphere to issue stamps) and, of course, United States stamps and her possessions.

Alvah Johnson, the foreign commissioner, has direct charge of this exhibit, and Ernest Kehr, the new stamp editor of the New York Herald Tribune, will take active charge of the installation. A committee of prominent philatelists will also be invited to participate in an advisory capacity and it is hoped that this will be an outstanding exhibit that will not only attract the attention of stamp collectors but of non-collectors as well.

We note from the press that an Australian Legation will be established in Washington shortly. Australian affairs deserve this step in the furtherance of better relations between the U.S. and the Commonwealth.

+

"Mutiny on the Bounty" Stamps! Pitcairn Island—what next? The 200 descendants of the Bounty mutineers who form the population of this distant colony of the Pacific are now to have stamps of their own! There will be eight values, as follows:  $\frac{1}{2}$  pence, green and orange, showing a cluster of oranges; 1 pence, claret and pale mauve, with a view of Pitcairn Island from the sea, the border including a picture of Fletcher Christian on the stern of the Bounty;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pence red and grey, the border depicting John Adams whose house is shown in the center; 2 pence, brown and green, with a view of the Bounty, with the inscription "H.M. Armed Vessel Bounty" at the base and a portrait of Lieut. Bligh in the border; 3 pence, blue and green, with a map showing the relation of Pitcairn Island to other islands in the Pacific ocean; 6 pence, blue-green and brown, showing a broadside view of the Bounty; 1 shilling, black and mauve, showing a view of Pitcairn Island from the sea and a portrait of Fletcher Christian in the border; 2 shilling, 6 pence, in brown and green, with a view taken on the island. All designs will also show a portrait of His Majesty the King. The stamps will be approximately  $1\frac{1}{2}$  x 1 inch in size and will be recess-printed in sheets of 60.

And why omit the great Charles Laughton himself?

+

On April 15 a new 30-cent stamp was issued in our Canal Zone. A portrait of Sidney B. Williamson is used as the design and it fits in with the current series. This new stamp will be printed in black, from the flat bed presses in Washington, D.C., and will replace the 30-cent U.S. buffalo stamp, with the Canal Zone overprint. If stamp students are interested in more complete details regarding Col. Williamson and

the new stamp, they should refer to the Feb. 18, 1939, issue of the magazine *Stamps* in the Carmel Library. Which reminds me, you will find many new and fine stamp magazines in our grand library. The stamp collector who wishes to collect correctly should devour the reading matter on stamps in our library. You can also learn much, by watching the ads, they show you the movement of the prices of stamps and what the world of collectors are buying.

Did you see the new United States stamp—the three cent one that has just been issued? It is for the 50th anniversary of the Pan-American Union. A section of Botticelli's painting "Spring" forms the central design. Can someone explain the connection? The Union was made a permanent organization in the spring of 1890. Perhaps that is the inspiration for the design.

Word has just been received from "Down Under" that Australia is planning a special exhibit of stamps. All the other foreign pavilions that featured stamps last year, will increase their exhibits, for without exception they stated last year that stamps were the best selling merchandise that they had on display.

On February 6, 1940, a treaty was signed at Waitangi, New Zealand, which is considered the supreme event in New Zealand history by Maori and European alike, and is referred to as the "Magna Carta" of New Zealand. The treaty marked the cessation of distrust and suspicion between the Maori and the white man, and is the basis of harmony which exists between them today. (A rather good idea to try out on Labor and Capitalist in the U.S.A.)

British stamp collectors are still fighting valiantly to have philately put on the air by the B.B.C. (British Broadcasting Corp.) and it is of great significance that high officials at Broadcasting House have recently taken some measure of interest in collectors' demands, although no date has yet been announced for a future broadcast. If any American or Canadian stamp collectors would like to hear such on the overseas wave-length, drop a post card to Eric

Adlem, 16, Elgin Crescent, Notting Hill, London, W. 11, England. Your card will help to put it across, if you want it.

—JIM COOKE

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food. Here in Carmel there is a  
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## Personalities & Personals

The Rev. and Mrs. Charles A. Dowdell, who have been wintering in Phoenix, return to their Santa Fe street home May 1 for six months in Carmel. Their house has been occupied during their absence by Mrs. Myrtle McLean and her daughter Virginia, who are looking frantically for other quarters.

The Sigma Phi Gamma sorority were down at the Mission Ranch Club last night en force for a barbecue.

Dr. Margaret Long of Denver is visiting Miss Anne Martin. Dr. Long, a graduate of Smith College who got her medical decree from Johns Hopkins, was one of Miss Martin's helpers in her Nevada campaign for the United States Senate and drove her over every inch of that state. No one would be better equipped than Dr. Long to do this, as she has made a specialty of old trails in both Colorado and Nevada, spends most of her time these days studying material on the old Chisholm and Santa Fe trails and writing articles concerning them for various historical publications. Dr. Long is the daughter of John D. Long who was three times governor of Massachusetts and secretary of the navy under President McKinley and during the first part of Theodore Roosevelt's term. Yesterday afternoon friends were invited to Miss Martin's home on Mission at Eleventh to meet Dr. Long.

Joining the habitues at the Mission Ranch Club last week-end were reserve officers Lieut. Norman Dole of Los Angeles, and Lieut. Jon Jou-Jon Roche of Ojai, both up for 28 days of active field duty at Camp Ord. Dole is a nephew of the pineapple man. Jou-Jon Roche is a six foot six geologist for the Shell Oil Co.

Among those who heaped up their plates several times at the Sunday buffet were John U. Terrell of the San Francisco Chronicle squiring the blonde and fragile Marguerita White, Hal Gates with a charming newcomer, Hilda Schuler, a Viennese with an accent as thick and authentic as Coalport china, the James Witkowskys of Chicago fresh in for a month's visit

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DRIVE-IN GARAGE

**HOTEL MAURICE**

Post Street at Jones

at La Playa after three months in the south. George and Bernice Wolf of San Francisco with them, Balloonatic Lieut. Charlie Williams and Mrs. Dwight Williams with the Dwight Boydens, Lieut. and Mrs. Charlie Q. Johnson, Mrs. Frederick Zierath, Lieut. and Mrs. James P. Pearson, Lieut. J. P. Stewart, Capt. Clint Taylor, Capt. and Mrs. Whitney Hall and a handful of others.

Tilly Polak left Tuesday for Palm Springs. She'll be there two weeks and she will sit in the sun and she will not talk to anyone. She will just sit in the sun.

Flags are waving this week up at the Lindsay K. Gentry place at Rancho Aguajito because Dr. John von Saltza is coming home tomorrow from the Stanford Hospital.

He'll be home all summer, recuperating from the spinal meningitis that he contracted almost a year ago. Recovery is a slow and tedious process, but this youngest son of Mrs. Gentry is proving that he can take it. A nurse comes with him.

Another member of the family, Miss Katherine Van Horne, a cousin of Mrs. Gentry's who came from Italy to make her home in the new studio that was built next to the Gentry place last fall, came home Tuesday from the Stanford Hospital after having undergone a rather serious operation.

Latest news of Carl von Saltza is that he'll not be back from New England until next October or November. After struggling through a winter in Castine, Me., where he has been living in the old family

homestead and working in an old schoolhouse that he converted into a studio, he feels he is entitled to one lush down-East summer.

Ground was broken this week on Ruth Austin's new studio which will soon crop out of the hillside just southeast of the Byington Ford house. The main studio will be 40 feet by 25 feet in size. The floor will be covered with linoleum, which means no slip, no slide, no splinters for the dancers. There will be two dressing rooms and two baths and it will be very swell. The builders have dug deeply enough into the hillside so that the Ford view will not be disturbed.

The Rancho Aguajito home of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Lee was the scene of a fairly large luncheon-bridge preceded by cocktails Wednesday of last week. The guests included Mrs. O. W. Irwin, Mrs. C. C. Stewart, Mrs. C. J. Ryland, Mrs. Robert Spencer, Mrs. Vivian Christerson, Mrs. Carl Burrows, Mrs. Robert Doolittle, Mrs. Marshall Carter, Mrs. L. L. Dewar, Mrs. Delbert Slipner, Mrs. R. C. Gibbs, Mrs. Warner Lee, Mrs. M. L. Brenner, Mrs. Howard Hatton, Mrs. M. W. Crowley, Mrs. Hugh S. Olinger, Mrs. James B. Finley, Mrs. John Thompson, Mrs. Otis M. Berthold, Mrs. D. W. Scripture, Mrs. Margaret Moore, Mrs. John E. Abernethy, Mrs. Gabriel Burnette, Mrs. Walter Anderson, Mrs. Burton Doolittle, Mrs. A. C. Hughes of Salinas, Mrs. B. H. Cory, Mrs. Clinton Tawse, Mrs. Chester Hare, Mrs. Harold McLean, Mrs. Winton Swengel, Mrs.

Fred Nicholas, Mrs. Franklin Sowell, Mrs. Clair W. Langenour, Mrs. Mark Keller, Mrs. Louis Vidoroni and Miss Anita Doud.

Among the group of Mills College juniors who spent last weekend at "Gold Hollow," the college's lodge in the High Sierras, were Patty Coblenz and Martha Millis of Carmel.

Noel Sullivan and John Burr are working on plans for Sunday Vesper services to be held during the summer in the Forest Theater. It will be mostly community singing with some local minister giving a brief benediction.

At La Playa for another week is Alice Taylor, young modern artist from Philadelphia and a friend of Nancy Cocke (Mrs. Leo Kohler). Miss Taylor came with Mrs. H. G. Reed and her daughters Felicia and

Rosamund, who are here from New York City and may possibly stay the summer.

Lunching with Marie Short on Tuesday and talking of "the old days" was Mrs. Alfred Oyster of San Francisco. Mrs. Oyster is the former Ruth Perkins, a cousin of Dick Masten's, who was a schoolmate of Marie's at Miss West's school some years ago. It was at

- pens
- pencils
- paper

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## The Carmel Cymbal

Marie's people's home at Pebble Beach that Alfred Oyster popped the fatal question and Ruth said "yes." Marie tried to persuade him to give her a pearl for an engagement ring but he didn't have that kind of a sense of humor.

+

Dick Bare will be up from Claremont this week-end. Hedda Hopper gave him a grand plug in her column last Monday. "And speaking of 'suburban' activities," says she, "up in the desert I met an enterprising boy out of college who built a theater in Claremont. Only runs single pictures, those that have been tried and are successes—the best shorts and newsreels—and after being open ten weeks, booked 'Gone With the Wind,' knowing that with only 500 seats he'd lose money, but his patrons wanted to see it. And the other day he wrote 'Desert Lullaby.' He'd never written a note of music before in his life. You'll hear from Dick Bare."

+

Mrs. Barbara Klotz has come to Carmel from the Philippines and has joined the Armin Hansen class at the Art Institute. She is living in the Redlin house on Lincoln street and plans to be here for the entire summer at least.

+

Alden Brian, Gloucester artist, dropped into the Carmel Art Institute Monday to chat with Armin Hansen and forthwith joined up for two weeks, dashing to his house to pick up his paints and brushes so that he could begin work immediately.

+

Kit Whitman entertained an attractive group of six for luncheon at the Racquet Club Tuesday. Miss Alice Taylor of Philadelphia, Miss Rosamond Reed of New York City, Libby Singleton of Los Angeles and Nancy Sewall of Beverly Hills, Mrs. Adolph G. E. Hanke and Miss Katherine Van Dyke were her guests.

+

Distinguished visitors to Hotel Del Monte from Thursday of last week until Tuesday of this were Bettina Wilson, Paris editor of *Vogue*, and John Swope, one of *Vogue*'s news photographers. They had been taking pictures around the Peninsula for a coming edition of their magazine, which one, we do not know. We do know, however, that Miss Wilson is stunning to look at, came over from France just a month ago on the Rex, plans to return in June and has her own house in Paris. Swope lives now in West Los Angeles where he shares a house with James Stewart. They took pictures around the Cypress Point Club, and of the Allan Griffin and the Eric Tyrrell-Martin homes, and of the Carmel Valley ranches of the Henry Potter Russells, the S. F. B. Morses and Muriel Vanderbilt Phelps.

+

Frank T. Heffelfinger had a dinner Tuesday night at Del Monte Lodge for Mrs. Paul Winslow who sailed yesterday with Mrs. Paul Fagan for two weeks in Honolulu. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stone of Milwaukee, Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher A. Buckley, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ashton Stanley, Mr. and Mrs. George Heffelfinger, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Smith, Major and Mrs. Chester A. Shephard and Mrs. Francis McComas.

+

Mrs. Jimmie Doud, Beverly and Joan Tait and Sue Brownell went up to San Francisco Sunday to attend the announcement tea of Florence Sharon Brown in the Palm Court of the Palace Hotel. Miss

Brown will marry John Geisen, Jr., on the lawn of Del Monte Lodge Thursday, May 11.

Florence Brown is the daughter of Mrs. Florence Sharon Brown of Carmel and the late Herbert Hamilton Brown. Her sisters are Mrs. Jimmie Doud of Carmel and Willette Allen of San Francisco. Her brothers are William B. Brown, formerly of Carmel but now of San Francisco, and Herbert Hamilton

Brown of Houston, Tex. Her grandfather was William E. Sharon, a nephew of Senator William Sharon, Nevada bonanza king.

John Geisen is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Geisen of San Francisco. He is a Stanford man and a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity.

+

Jim Cooke and Ruth journeyed down to the desert for a week, vis-

ited Twentynine Palms, and brought the J. W. Wrights back to their beloved locale in the forest. At Santa Barbara they were guests at El Encanto Hotel where friends surrounded them seeking talk of this and that. One group, consisting of Ettore de Zoro, the sculptor, and his charming English wife, Mrs. James O'Kelly, well known in Carmel, wanted to know everything about a trip to Mexico, and

Jim and Ruth told them!

+

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hamilton of Carmel Point left this week for Battle Creek, Mich. They'll be there for the next six months.

+

The Lent Hookers of Burlingame spent the week-end at Del Monte as guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse. Mrs. Hooker is Sam Morse's daughter.

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**THRILLING COMFORT.** Each spring inside its cloth pocket is deeper. Each spring yields INDEPENDENTLY to the pressure of different parts of the body. So softly does the NEW Beautyrest yield to your body, you forget you have shoulders, elbows, hips, knees. Its gentle support induces you to relax. You quickly drop off to sleep...to awake next morning rested and refreshed.

**LASTS LONGER.** Beautyrest, tested by United States Testing Company, Hoboken, New Jersey, lasted 3 times as long as any other mattress tested. The NEW Beautyrest is guaranteed for 10 years.



**ORDINARY ACTION.** Ordinary springs are tied together by wire. When you press down on one spring, those around it go down too... forming a slope. This type of mattress cannot give you supreme comfort.



**BEAUTYREST ACTION.** Inside the Beautyrest are 837 springs. Each spring is separate from the others...not tied together. Each yields independently to the slightest touch. Heavier parts of your body cannot pull springs away from lighter parts.

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Third Floor

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DEPARTMENT STORE

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Green Stamps

April 26, 1940

## Interesting Play Readings Held By Heron Group

In the past few weeks the play reading group which meets with Herbert Heron at Sunset School on Tuesdays and Fridays has enjoyed some very interesting plays: "Androcles and the Lion," by Bernard Shaw; "The Well of the Saints," by J. M. Synge; "The Road to Rome," by Robert Sherwood; "Medea," by Euripides, and "Twelfth Night," by Shakespeare.

Among the plays to be read in the near future may be listed: "Of Mice and Men," by John Steinbeck; "Escape," by John Galsworthy; "The Guardsman," by Ferenc Molnar; "Ghosts," by Henrik Ibsen; "The Devil's Disciple," by Bernard Shaw; "Iphigenia in Tauris," by Euripides; "The Fire-

brand," by Edwin Justus Mayer.

All who wish to take part in these readings are welcome to attend as well as those who may care only to listen. There is no admission charge. The readings are held every Tuesday and Friday evening at 8 o'clock in the lunch room of Sunset School.

In addition to the above, Heron is holding preliminary rehearsals and try-outs for parts in the Shakespeare Festival at the Forest Theater at 4 o'clock every Saturday afternoon. Only a few parts have been definitely cast, so there is every opportunity for anyone interested to secure a part. Both "Macbeth" and "Twelfth Night," the two plays which will make up the Festival, have large casts. However, early application is advisable. Come to the Forest Theater any Saturday at 4 o'clock.

+ + +

The Cymbal covers the Carmel district like the pine trees.

## ALL SAINTS' SERVICES

Next Sunday, the fifth Sunday after Easter, the Service of Holy Communion will take place at 8 a.m. at All Saints' Church. At 9:30 the Church School begins and at 11 a.m. Morning Prayer will be held with the Rev. C. J. Hulsewé delivering the sermon message. How Long Will Thou Forget Me, by Oley Speaks, will be the offertory solo with Fordre Fraties as the soloist. The full vested choir will sing the Benedictus by Brown and organ numbers will include Handel's Largo and D'Evry's Au Soir.

Thursday, May 2, is Ascension Day, and a Service of Holy Communion will be held at 10:30 a.m.

+ + +

The Fred Godwins and Mrs. Godwin's daughter, Jean Cowen, left Monday for Tucson where Fred will attend the Arizona hotel men's convention next week-end. Jean is going on to Denver to visit friends.

During her absence Dorothy McDonald, daughter of Mrs. Rene McDonald and niece of Mrs. Herman Crossman, is carrying on at La Playa desk.

## LEGAL NOTICES

### NOTICE OF LOCAL IMPROVEMENT

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that on the 19th day of April, 1940, the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District adopted its Resolution of Intention No. 137, wherein it did declare that in its opinion the public interest and convenience required, and that it was the intention of said Board to order the following work to be done and improvements to be made in and for said District, to-wit:

That the hereinafter mentioned streets and avenues be improved by constructing therein the following:

Vitrified clay pipe sewers; vitrified clay pipe flushing inlets with cast iron frames and covers; brick and concrete manholes with cast iron frames and covers and galvanized iron steps; and vitrified clay pipe Tee branches in said sewers opposite each lot with improvement designed or used for human habitation and four inch vitrified clay pipe deep

cut risers from all Tees located at depths of more than seven feet below the surface of the street.

The streets and avenues so to be improved are the following, to-wit:

(a) Scenic Road, Del Mar Avenue, Bay View Avenue, Ocean View Avenue, Inspiration Avenue, Isabella Avenue, Stewart Way, Martin Way and Rio Avenue, each for their entire length; also so that portion of Carmelo Avenue which lies southerly of Santa Lucia Avenue and which portion was also formerly referred to as Scenic Road; and also Ocean Avenue between Del Mar Avenue and Scenic Road;

(b) Fourteenth Avenue, from San Antonio Avenue South, easterly to said Carmelo Avenue;

(c) Sixteenth Avenue and Seventeenth Avenue between Valley View Avenue and said Carmelo Avenue;

(d) San Antonio Avenue South between Valley View Avenue and Inspiration Avenue;

(e) Santa Lucia Avenue between Scenic Road and San Antonio Avenue South;

(f) The six foot easement along the rear of Lots 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29 and 31, in Block B-10, as said lots and block are shown on the Map of Addition No. 7 of Carmel-by-the-Sea;

(g) The right of way through the

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Horseback riding is very healthful, too. It's conducive to slim, trim figures and an active and alert body. After a nice ride—into the shower . . . fresh clothes, and—you're a new person.



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Attractive rates by the hour or day quoted on application. Special rates to members and their guests.

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public park adjacent to Eighth Avenue and Scenic Road, granted to the Sanitary District for sewer purposes.

That the vitrified clay pipe sewers in Valley View Avenue between the intersections thereof with Fifteenth Avenue and San Antonio South, and also between the intersection thereof with Seventeenth Avenue and Scenic Road, be reconstructed.

All of said work and improvements are to be constructed at the places and in the particular locations, of the forms, sizes, dimensions and materials, and at the lines, grades and elevations, shown



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"I consider Raimu almost if not the greatest actor in the world"—Ruth Chatterton

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Dramatic Masterpiece

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Ocean Avenue at Lincoln Street

and delineated on the plans, profiles and specifications adopted therefor by the Sanitary Board and on file for public inspection at the office of the Secretary of said Board.

And whereas said contemplated work and improvement, in the opinion of said Sanitary Board of said Carmel Sanitary District, is of more than local or ordinary public benefit, said Board does hereby make the portion of the costs and expenses of doing said work and making said improvements to be done by the contractor, and the incidental expenses of the proceedings, to be assessed herein, chargeable upon a district, which district said Board declares to be the district benefited by said work and improvements and to be assessed to pay the costs and expenses thereof, and which said assessment district and the exterior boundaries thereof are more particularly described as all that district of land shown on and the exterior boundary of which is coterminous with the exterior boundaries of the consolidated and composite district formed by the exterior boundary lines of the contiguous lands and subdivisions shown on and described in the following maps, excepting the streets, public ways and public property therein being used in the performance of a public function, to-wit:

(a) Map of Addition No. 6, Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, California, filed February 9, 1910 in Book 2 of Maps of Cities and Towns, page 23;

(b) Map of Addition No. 7, Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, California, filed May 4, 1910, in Book 2 of Maps of Cities and Towns, page 24;

(c) Map of Addition No. 8, Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, California, filed February 28, 1922 in Book 3 of Maps, page 19.

Said improvements shall be done as a project for which a contribution of labor, and a portion of the materials, supplies, equipment and tools, and supervisory personnel, will be made by the Federal Works Progress Administration, approved as W. P. A. Project No. 0928-713.

Notice is hereby given that serial bonds to represent unpaid assessments, and bear interest at the rate of not to exceed six per cent (6%) per annum, will be issued hereunder in the manner provided by the Improvement Bond Act of 1915, the last installment of which bonds shall mature four (4) years from the second day of July next succeeding ten months from their date.

Except as herein otherwise provided for the issuance of bonds, said work shall be done as a W.P.A. Assessment project, pursuant to the Municipal Improvement Act of 1913, (Deering Act 5215) as amended.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that the District Engineer of said District did on the 19th day of April, 1940, file with the Secretary of said Board his report in writing on said improvement, as called for under said resolution of intention, and that said Board did on said 19th day of April, 1940,

duly consider said report, and by resolution approved and confirmed the same as filed, without modifications, and ordered that said report stand as the report for the purposes of all subsequent proceedings had pursuant to said resolution of intention.

NOTICE IS FURTHER GIVEN that Monday, the 20th day of May, 1940, at the hour of 7:30 o'clock P.M. of said day, in the regular meeting place of said Sanitary Board, in the Sundial Court Apartments Building in the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, California, is the time and place appointed and fixed by said Board for hearing protests in relation to said proposed improvements; and that any person interested, objecting to said proposed improvements, or to the grades at which said work will be done, or the extent of the assessment district, or to the District Engineer's estimate of the costs and expenses thereof, or to the proposed diagram and assessment for the costs and expenses thereof, may file a written protest with the Secretary of said Sanitary Board at or before the time set for the hearing referred to herein.

Reference is hereby made for further particulars to said Resolution of Intention No. 137, and to the Report of the Engineer of said District; also to the plans and specifications, estimated costs, diagram of assessment district and proposed assessments, all of which are on file in the office of the Secretary of the Sanitary Board of said District.

Dated: April 20th, 1940.

G. H. BURNETTE  
Secretary of the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District.  
Date First Pub. April 26, 1940.  
Date Last Pub. May 3, 1940.

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### ORDINANCE NO. 7 AN ORDINANCE FIXING THE TIME, PLACE, AND MANNER OF HOLDING MEETINGS AND REPEALING ALL ORDINANCES AND RESOLUTIONS IN CON- FLICT THEREWITH.

It is hereby ordained by the members of the Board of the Carmel Sanitary District that meetings of the Board shall be held at the time, place, and the manner as set forth; and it is further ordained that Ordinance No. 1, passed and adopted by said Board on the ninth day of March, 1910, entitled, AN ORDINANCE FIXING TIME AND PLACE FOR HOLDING MEETINGS OF THE SANITARY BOARD OF CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT, IN THE COUNTY OF MONTEREY, STATE OF CALIFORNIA, AND ESTABLISHING THE PROCEDURE FOR CALLING SPECIAL MEETINGS OF SAID BOARD, is hereby repealed; and further it is ordained that Resolution No. 27, passed and adopted by said Board on the thirteenth day of January, 1934, entitled, A RESOLUTION FIXING THE TIME AND PLACE FOR HOLDING REGULAR MEETINGS, AND THE MANNER OF GIVING NOTICE OF, AND OF HOLDING SPECIAL MEETINGS OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT, is hereby repealed; and further, it is ordained that Resolution No. 44, passed and adopted by said Board on the fifth day of November, 1937, entitled, A RESOLUTION AND ORDER FIXING THE TIME AND PLACE OF MEETINGS OF THE SANITARY BOARD OF THE CARMEL SANITARY DISTRICT, is hereby repealed; and further, that any and all ordinances and parts of ordinances, and all resolutions and parts of resolutions in conflict with this ordinance are hereby repealed.

Section 1: The time of holding regular meetings of the Board shall be on the first Monday after the first Friday of each month, at the hour of 7:30 P.M.

Section 2: The regular meeting place is hereby designated as the Board Room on the ground floor of the Sundial Court Apartments on Monte Verde Street between Ocean and Seventh Avenues, City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Section 3: After any meeting of the Board has been called to order at the regular meeting place indicated heretofore, it may adjourn to some other place for the consideration of any business that may properly come before the meeting.

Section 4: A quorum shall be composed of three members of the Board and shall have full authority to act as a

## CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: 10 cents a line for one insertion. 15 cents a line for two insertions. 20 cents a line for three insertions. 25 cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, 30 cents. Count five words to the line.

### 1—REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

\$10 PER MONTH—You can buy a fine lot in beautiful Carmel Woods for as low as \$10 a month. For \$550, \$600 and \$650 you can get a lot 60 ft. or more with all utilities available. Sunny, and delightful—ideal for a real home. When lot is paid for, FHA will make you a loan to build a new home. Drive thru Carmel Woods and see all the new attractive homes just built. You will be surprised. You too can own a lot for as low as \$10 a month. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Ocean Avenue, or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (17)

### 1—REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CARMEL'S BEST BUYS  
First, we offer close-in lots up from \$350. each.  
A small home three minutes from the Post Office at \$2,300.  
A home close to the beach, 2 bedrooms, good condition, for \$4,200.  
ELIZABETH McCLOUD WHITE Realtor. Tel. 171, Carmel (17)

BEAUTIFUL CORNER LOT at 12th and Camino Real. Excellent residential district; 3 blocks from beach. Price \$2000. Terms. Tel. 646. (tf)

EXCELLENT PROPERTY in the Highlands—will sell, or trade for Carmel property. Please address Cymbal L-69. (17)

### 5—HOUSES FOR RENT

UNFURNISHED 4-ROOM house. Santa Rita betw. 4th and 5th. Modern. 2 bedrooms. Sunny. View. Call owner, tel. 392-R. (tf)

GUEST HOUSE, sunny, with private entrance. Double studio bed with innerspring mattress. Private bath with shower. Address L-68, Cymbal office. (tf)

### 14—ROOMS FOR RENT

TWO FURNISHED ROOMS with private entrance and garage. Tel. 760-R or write P.O. Box 675. (tf)

### 17—FOR SALE

SET OF GOLF CLUBS. Three wood and five Bobby Jones iron. On view at Dolores Pharmacy. (tf)

TWO FINE hotel or restaurant gas ranges for sale cheap. One with broiler attached. Tel. Monterey 7440. (tf)

### 29—JOBS WANTED

WHATEVER YOU WANT DONE! We have the man for you—for every kind of work. Call at the Smoke Shop, across the street from the P.O., or Tel. 316. (tf)

Bright, friendly and attractive (these are our words not hers) woman wants a job. She's had experience. She'd be grand in a dress shop or as a receptionist in a doctor's office. She'd be an asset to any business and doesn't tire easily. No newcomer to Carmel and we unhesitatingly put her name at the top of our list of job-hunters. Call The Cymbal, or write Box 961.

### 18—WANTED

#### Miscellaneous

CLEAN, WHITE or colored rags. Must be free from lint. Preferably old sheets or pillow cases. 10¢ per lb. Carmel Press and Cymbal Office.

### WHY?

Buy a 40-Ft. Lot  
When at the Same Price

You Can Buy

60 x 100 Ft. Lots

in the

### MISSION TRACT

\$1550 — \$1850

LOW MONTHLY TERMS

A Section of

All New Homes

with Marvelous Views

ALL UTILITIES  
UNDERGROUND WIRING

F.H.A. LOANS

See  
Any Carmel Broker

  
Diathermy Treatments  
X-Ray  
A Modern Hospital Personal Service  
by  
Dr. R. C. Hutchings  
DOG AND CAT HOSPITAL  
Day or Night • Monterey 5224

HUGH W. COMSTOCK  
President of said Sanitary Board.  
Countersigned:  
G. H. BURNETTE  
Secretary.  
I, the undersigned Secretary of the Sanitary Board of the Carmel Sanitary District, do hereby certify:  
That the foregoing Ordinance is a true and correct copy of Ordinance No. 7 of said Sanitary Board, which was introduced at an adjourned regular meeting of said Sanitary Board, held on the 19th day of April, 1940: Passed and adopted by the said Sanitary Board on the 19th day of April, 1940, by the following vote:  
AYES: MEMBERS Comstock, Burnette, Evans.  
NOES: MEMBERS None.  
ABSENT: MEMBERS McCarthy, Knight.  
Attest G. H. BURNETTE  
Secretary of said Sanitary Board  
[SEAL]  
Date Pub. April 26, 1940.

## "Of Mice and Men" at Carmel Theatre Sunday; "The Earl of Chicago" Now



BETTY FIELD and LON CHANEY, Jr., in "Of Mice and Men"

John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" comes to the Carmel Theatre Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. Lon Chaney, Jr., plays the part of Lonn, Burgess Meredith is George and Betty Field is Mae. Directed by Lewis Milestone, "Of Mice and Men" proves that the screen can be just as powerful as the printed word. When we read the book, no one suspected that the story would ever be filmed, it was too daring a subject and such stark

reality had been unheard of in the films. But it seems to have worked. If you go to this theater tonight or tomorrow you'll see "The Earl of Chicago," with Edward Arnold, Reginald Owen and Edmund Gwenn. It's a gangster yarn and was produced by Victor Saville who gave us "The Citadel" and "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," and what more of a recommendation could you wish for than that?

### Of Ruth Huntington

A short time ago, a friend of very many people in Carmel ended her life in the sea which had been her joy. Even to those who knew of her dark hours, her struggles and her illness, the news came as a stunning blow. At first, silence seemed the only possibility, but sorrow demands expression.

Much of her young life, after her graduation from Smith College, was spent teaching. Not for future security in an insecure world, but to bring interest and new life to a forgotten people in the Kentucky mountains. Even when, after some years in Hawaii and Puerto Rico, she finally settled in Carmel, she was untiring in trying to sell the hand work of her mountain people.

Built partly by her own hands, her small house, well thought out for beauty and comfort, and whimsically called Groundgripper, took its place among the few houses on the Point. At that time, though low set, her view boxed the compass. Her friends were always welcome. She told with pride of her record of

—EMILY PITKIN

### FACT OF THE WEEK

Fishing season opens May first. This year, according to Tod Powell of the Chronicle, promises to be one of the best seasons in years.

Naturally, you want some new clothes if you plan on making the trip. You'll need heavy socks, heavy underwear, windbreakers and perhaps a warm sweater.

These things—as well as all types of fine quality men's clothing and furnishings—can be bought at sensible prices in this modern store.

CHARMAK & CHANDLER of Carmel

### The Carmel Cymbal

#### Jessie Joan Has Met 'em Before

(Continued from Page One) was me, I mean I) to fly away with him. But I stayed and married Sample Switchel, who really was Mr. Ford. He was what Mr. Law would call a rustic character, I guess. He was awful good, too, although I had to reform him (in the play, I mean), and he had to sort of reform me, too. Sample gave up his rum and I gave up my dime novels. It was very happy ending.

Then there is Mr. Friday. He is Lee Crowe. I met him in "Topaze," too. In fact, he was Topaze. Oh my, he was wonderful! In "The Streets of New York" he was Mark Livingstone and I was Lucy and I married him in the last act in a blue dress. As Mr. Livingstone, he was very dashing and very handsome. I think he is a real Prince Charming.

I've met Mr. Rosetti, of course that's Bob Bratt, a lot of times. First in "Ten Nights in a Bar-room" when he was the saloon-keeper's son, and then in "Tatters, the Pet of Squatter's Gulch." He was Abe Witherspoon, a friend of mine, I mean, of Tatters (I was Tatters) and he always made me laugh when he chewed tobacco. He was a friend of mine, I mean, of Lucy's, in "The Streets of New York," too. He was Badger and everybody said he was very good and very sincere. They meant his acting was very good and very sincere. He can sing and dance, too.

I've met Mr. Green a lot, too. He's Spud Gray and has been a lot of "Masters of Ceremony" or "Master of Ceremonies" (I don't know which), and a lot of odes. But I liked him best when he said his little poem about Santa Claus. I like poetry.

Then there's Rodney. He's the Boy and I'm the Girl. He is also John Good. He was my brother, Paul, in "The Streets of New York," but I like him better as Rodney, because that is more fun, especially in the third act. He has very big blue eyes. And when he comes into a room—something happens to me. I mean, it does in the play. Yes, it does!

Yours truly,  
SUSIE  
(Jessie Joan Brown)

#### COYOTE MOTHERING PUPS AT DEL MONTE KENNELS

'At Del Monte Kennels a tame coyote belonging to a Mexican from Castroville is mothering three week-old pups and doing a fine job of it too, according to Joe West, owner of the kennels.

And up at the Presidio of Monterey another kind-hearted and maternal bitch is seeing that four more get regular meals. The puppies are pointers belonging to Col. D. W. McEnery and Capt. L. B. Cain who owned the mother. There were 11 pups in her litter last week, but something went wrong and this valuable pointer died. A blank every hour over radio station K.D.O.N. for foster mothers brought many responses and among them the coyote was chosen.

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The Cymbal, anywhere in the U.S., \$1 a year.

April 26, 1940

**finicky**  
**ABOUT**  
**FOOD?**

+

You'll  
be  
satisfied  
at the

**Carmel Bakery**  
on  
Ocean Avenue

For a  
Grand Meal

enjoy  
our

**DeLuxe Dinners**

FROM 65c TO \$1.00

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REGULAR DINNER  
FIFTY CENTS

Special note to those who eat out regularly:  
The menus are varied nightly, giving delightful changes. You might pay more elsewhere, but you'll not get a better value.

**Williams'**  
**Restaurant**

On Ocean Avenue  
Just Below Dolores Street

## Have You Tasted It?

It's this fresher, juicier VEAL that's Saniseal-Wrapt by Swift. Fresh flavor sealed in. You do not know veal until you've tried Swift's Identified Veal, one of Swift's Premium Meats.

**Nielsen Bros.**



**The Market**

The Market at Nielsen Bros. Store is the only one in Carmel that carries Swift's Premium Meats exclusively. Remember, meat makes the meal and for the very best, insist on Swift's Premium.